I am a right maid for my cowardize;
Let her not ſtrike me: you perhaps may thinke,
Becauſe ſhe is ſomething lower then my ſelfe,
That I can match her.
Her. Lower? harke againe.
Hel. Good *Hermia*, do not be ſo bitter with me,
I euermore did loue you *Hermia*,
Did euer keepe your counſels, neuer wronged you.
Saue that in loue vnto *Demetrius*,
I told him of your ſtealth vnto this wood.
He followed you, for loue I followed him,
But he hath chid me hence, and threatned me
To ſtrike me, ſpurne me, nay to kill me too;
And now, ſo you will let me quiet goe,
To *Athens* will I beare my folly backe,
And follow you no further. Let me go.
You ſee how ſimple, and how fond I am.
Her. Why get you gone: who iſt that hinders you?
Hel. A fooliſh heart, that I leaue heere behinde.
Her. VVhat, with *Lyſander*?
Hel. VVith *Demetrius*.
Lyſ. Be not afraid, ſhe ſhall not harme thee *Helena*.
Dem. No ſir, ſhe ſhall not, though you take her part.
Hel. O when ſhee's angry, ſhe is keene and ſhrewd,
She was a vixen when ſhe went to ſchoole,
And though ſhe be but little, ſhe is fierce.
Her. Little againe? Nothing but low and little?
VVhy will you ſuffer her to flout me thus?
Let me come to her.
Lyſ. Get you gone you dwarfe,
You *minimus*, of hindring knot graſſe made,
You bead, you acorne.
Dem. You are too officious,
In her behalfe that ſcornes your ſeruices.
Let her alone, ſpeake not of *Helena*,

Take

Take not her part. For if thou doſt intend
Neuer ſo little ſhew of loue to her,
Thou ſhalt abie it.
Lyſ. Now ſhe holds me not,
Now follow if thou dar'ſt, to try whoſe right,
Of thine or mine, is moſt in *Helena*.
Dem. Follow? Nay, Ile go with thee cheeke
Her. You Miſtreſſe, all this coyle is long of yo
Nay, goe not backe.
Hel. I will not truſt you I,
Not longer ſtay in your curſt company.
Your hands than mine, are quicker for a fray,
My legs are longer though to runne away.
Her. I am amaz'd, and know not what to ſay.
Ob. This is thy negligence, ſtill thou miſtak'ſ
Or elſe commit'ſt thy knaueries wilfully.
Puck. Beleeue me, King of ſhaddowes, I miſt
Did not you tell me, I ſhould know the man,
By the *Athenian* garments he hath on?
And ſo farre blameleſſe proues my enterprize,
That I haue nointed an Athenians eyes,
And ſo farre am I glad, it ſo did ſort,
As this their iangling I eſteeme a ſport.
Ob. Thou ſeeſt theſe Louers ſeeke a place to f
Hie therefore *Robin*, ouercaſt the night,
The ſtarry Welkin couer thou anon,
With drooping fogge as blacke as *Acheron*,
And leade theſe teſty Riuals ſo aſtray,
As one come not within anothers way.
Like to *Lyſander*, ſometime frame thy tongue,
Then ſtirre *Demetrius* vp with bitter wrong;
And ſometime raile thou like *Demetrius*;
And from each other looke thou leade them thu
Till ore their browes, death-counterfeiting, ſlee
With leaden ledgs, and Batty wings doth creepe

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